

# SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL

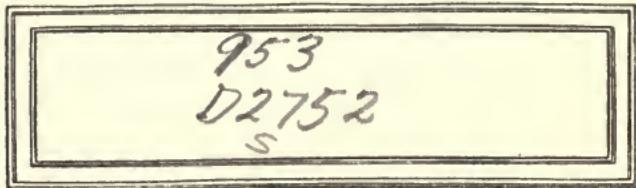
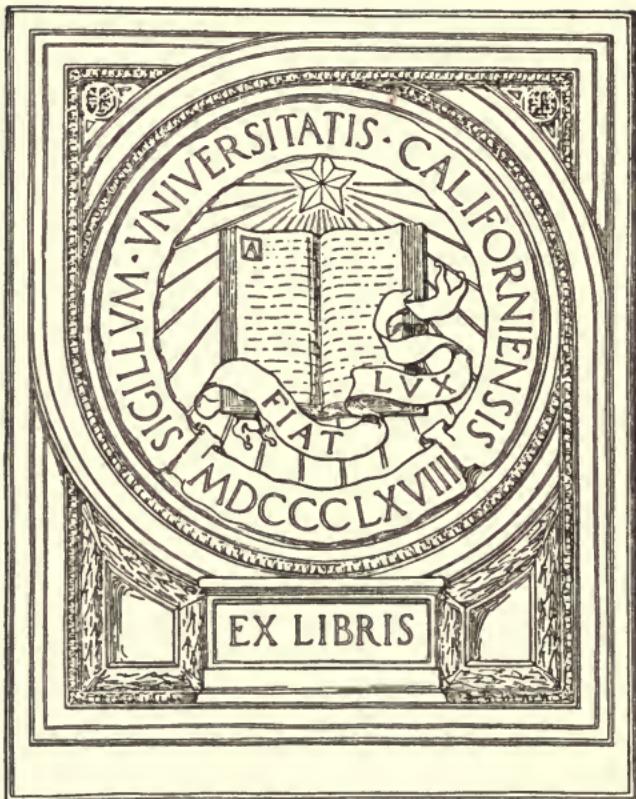
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DAY



Sing the song of the sail that I would sing you,  
Singing as only a man can sing;  
Who having more than a thought-to fling you,  
Searches the world for an unusing thing.

Two Three Four Five Six

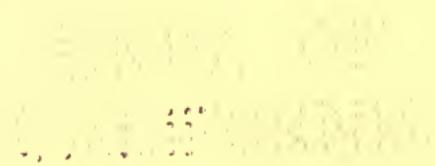


*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL*

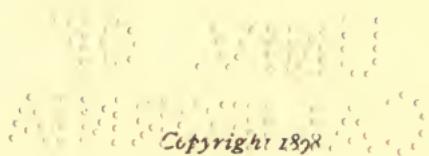


# *SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL*

*THOMAS FLEMING DAY*



NEW YORK AND LONDON  
THE RUDDER PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1898



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PRESS OF  
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NEW YORK

PS  
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MAZ

TO  
*THOSE WHO LOVE  
THE SEA  
AND ITS SHIPS.*

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## THE MERMAID'S SONG.

---

OH, WHAT comes flowing over the sea  
In the hush of the evening's cool?  
It is a mermaid singing to me  
As she sits in a silver pool.

As she sits in a silver pool and sings  
Of the world I never shall see,  
Where the dulse-weed clings,  
And the star-fish rings  
    The red anemone;  
The world which lies  
Where human eyes  
    Are never allowed to see  
The gold and gems  
And fluted stems  
    Of the crimson coral tree—  
Is that what she sings to me?

## *SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

She is haunting and holding my heart with a  
strange strain,

Where joy lies asleep in the shadow of pain;  
And the world that is under the sea  
Is spreading its pleasures and treasures to gain  
The love that lies dormant in me—  
The love that I bear for the sea,  
For the secret and sorrowful sea;  
Is luring my feet from the gray land again  
And filling my soul with the scent of the main,  
The sound and the scent of the sea;  
And the speech of the siren is spoken in vain,  
For that mermaid is singing to me  
Of the world that is under the sea;  
And the love that I bear for the ocean again,  
For the mournful and mutable sea,  
Has taken possession of me:  
My heart is enmeshed in the mystical strain  
That mermaid is singing to me  
Of the world that lies under the sea.

## *THE MERMAID'S SONG.*

Ah, hark again! In a sadder strain  
She is singing a song to me—  
A song of the unseen sea;  
She is singing of ships whose wrecks have lain  
For ages in the sea,  
In the depths of the sunless sea;  
And her voice is soft with a thought of the pain  
That song is giving to me.  
A thought that I thought forever had lain  
In the depths of the soundless sea  
Is searching my soul in that mermaid's strain  
And bringing a sorrow to me  
From the world that is under the sea.  
For I have a friend whose bones have lain  
For ages in the sea,  
(For so it seems to me),  
And her song has opened that wound again  
And brought back a sorrow to me—  
From the depths of the endless sea.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

A grief that is grieving my life again,  
A thought that I thought, forever had lain,  
    And never come back to me,  
Is searching my soul in that mermaid's strain  
    And bringing a sorrow to me  
    From the world that lies under the sea.

Oh, what comes flowing over the sea  
    In the hush of the evening's cool?  
It is a mermaid singing to me  
    As she sits in a silver pool.

## TRAfalgar, 1805.

---

We hailed the morning star  
Above the Spanish shore;  
Our cannon's random roar  
Then woke black Trafalgar.

Where our foes  
Lay in the crescent bay  
We watched the fog bank gray  
Melt silently away  
As the sun uprose.

Then rolled the deep alarm—  
The foeman's call to arm;  
And swiftly from our van  
There pass'd from man to man,  
“They will fight.”  
With hearts that beat to chase  
We caught the growing gale,  
And 'neath a press of sail  
Bore up to take our place  
On the right.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Nelson, our admiral then,  
Greatest of all seamen,  
We cheered to death again  
As he pass'd;  
'Round toward the land  
We tacked and stood about—  
The hills rang to our shout  
As lifted and blew out  
His last command  
From the mast.

Then flash'd our full broadside,  
Roaring across the tide,  
As crashing side by side  
We broke their line;  
Thro' rolling clouds of smoke  
Burst in our prows of oak;  
Their tall sides bent and broke  
Like pine.

As died the stagger'd blast  
The sails dropt to the mast;  
That broadside was their last!  
One more to clip her wing!

## *TRAFAVGAR.*

Quick away!

Tigers our boarders spring,

Cutlass to cutlass ring,

In the fray.

We heard no quarter call:

A man stood every Gaul!

Useless, their flag must fall

That day.

The fight thus well begun,

We paused a breathing space;

Each soul leapt to a face

As Nelson in his grace

Signaled "Well done!"

Staying the tott'ring mast

We rounded to the blast,

Grappled the next that pass'd—

A huge Spaniard.

No room to lift the ports:

Black gun to gun retorts—

Lip locked to lip,

Each man a firmer grip

On his lanyard.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

To save this pride of Spain  
A Frenchman joined the fight;  
Then roaring in our might  
We smote him with our right  
Twice, and again.

“Cease! Cease!” our Captain cries.  
“She lies  
A silent wreck!”  
Three times we spared that foe,  
Yet from her came the blow  
That laid our hero low  
On the deck.

What more for me to say,  
Save thro’ the fatal fray  
We marked the hours that day  
With cheers!  
Our foes struck one by one;  
Yet when the fight was done  
We saw the misty sun  
Set thro’ our tears.  
O England, strong yet free,  
The crown we bear to thee,

*TRAFALGAR.*

Laurels for victory!  
Weave cypress in the wreath:  
For he to whom thou gave  
The keeping of the wave,  
Nelson, the true, the brave,  
Has struck his flag to death.

Oh, men of hero race,  
In what a fitting place  
To set his conquering star!—  
Amid the battle's roar,  
Under the rolling shore  
Where rises wild and hoar  
Cape Trafalgar.

## WHEN.

---

WHEN western winds are blowing soft  
Across the Island Sound ;  
When every sail that draws aloft  
Is swollen true and round ;  
When yellow shores along the lee  
Slope upward to the sky ;  
When opal bright the land and sea  
In changeful contact lie ;  
When idle yachts at anchor swim  
Above a phantom shape ;  
When spires of canvas dot the rim  
Which curves from cape to cape ;  
When sea-weed strewn the ebbing tide  
Pours eastward to the main ;  
When clumsy coasters side by side  
Tack in and out again—  
When such a day is mine to live,  
What has the world beyond to give ?

## THE FORSAKEN PORT.

---

THRO' all this perfect summer day  
The wind has blown from out the west,  
And now the sunset fires invest  
Where looms the mainland far away,  
The old town right abreast.  
The red-brown roofs and rugged spires  
Uplift and pierce the sunset fires,  
The old town right abreast.  
The ships rise up, and sail, and sail,  
Then drop beneath the distant rim—  
The crimson rim.  
We watch their topsails float and trail—  
Like bubbles 'round a goblet's brim,  
A moment there they rise and dip,  
Then break against the sky's red lip.  
Unhailed the ships go sailing by  
The old town over there;

## *SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

And yet it seems we hear a cry—

A heart-born cry

    Of anguish and despair,

    Of hope lost in despair.

In speechful grief the old town stands

And beckons with its outstretched hands

As the ships go sailing by.

Long years ago its port was thronged

    With many a busy sail,

    With rustling sail.

And many a heart has sighed and longed

    For that old town's cheery hail—

Has sighed and longed for that old town's

    welcome hail.

Oh, where are they who left thy port

    In strength of youth, in pride of love?

Side by side with a dark consort,

    Calm seas below, blue skies above,

They tacked and stood across the bar:

Only the sea knows where they are—

Only the sea!

## *THE FORSAKEN PORT.*

Perhaps at night the phantom ships—  
Thy lost ships—come sailing in;  
Their spectre crews with parted lips  
That utter no sound, for the spell of death  
Turns even a laugh to a grin.  
Do they wait, and list for the din  
Of the cheers and the bells to welcome them  
in—  
For the cheers and the bells to welcome  
them in?  
Do their dead hearts know hopes and fears ?  
Do they dream of the wives they 've not seen  
for years?—  
The wives and the sweethearts who watched  
them thro' tears  
Sail away, sail away, when the wind was  
south  
And the bar was blue at the harbor's mouth,  
And the gulls flew low like flakes of snow,  
And the summer wind bore the heave-yo-ho  
Of the sailors brown  
Into the town?

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Are they here, the ones so dear ?  
Alas ! the lips that their lips have known,  
Alas ! the hearts that once beat to their own  
Are lying up on the hillside there,  
And the daisies and grasses have overgrown  
Their graves for many a year.  
Yon sentinel pine that watches the graves  
Where their wives and sweethearts are laid  
to rest  
The wild winter wind defies and outbraves ;  
Its roots are sunk in some loved one's breast.  
Are their souls at rest ?  
Sometimes, I think, they must wander down  
here  
To watch for the ships that never will come.  
In the silence of night they throng the old pier  
To welcome the wanderers home ;  
Their lustreless eyes—  
Enough of death and ghostly tales !  
Oh, let the old town keep its vigil there,  
Watching for those who were !  
What though the dark ship with us sails—

*THE FORSAKEN PORT.*

Ah, fools, to freight our hearts with care!

To waste our breath in idle hails,

To cringe and cry.

We live for those who are, not were!—

We live to live, not die!

## AN EARLY MOONSET.

---

LIKE galleon flying a picaroon,  
Along the edge the ship-shap'd moon  
Leadeth a star across the sea  
To the cloudy harbor under her lee.  
  
With her splendid lading of golden light  
She seems to dread the pirate Night ;  
With puffing sails and fretful oars  
She steereth and speedeth for purple shores  
  
She will anchor to-night beneath the fort  
Whose grim guns guard the cloudy port,  
Where sound and safe from picaroon  
Rides many an olden and golden moon.

## ON THE BRIDGE.

---

EIGHT bells ring out from the fo'c'sle head;  
With a cheery good-eve the mate comes forth,  
The second goes off to his welcome bed,  
After giving the course as west by north.

As I stand with my chin on the dodger's ridge  
And dreamily eye our plunging craft  
There's a rattle of heels on the flying bridge  
And a gruff report that the watch is aft.

"All right!" says the mate, with a glance below;  
"Relieve the wheel and the lookout there!"  
And then we begin, with our to and fro,  
The walk and the talk we nightly share.

In silence at first—for our pipes are lit—  
We pace and puff, and we pause and turn,  
And it's up and down, for she rolls a bit  
When flying light with the sea astern.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

But there's a key in the hands of smoke  
That fits a lock in the lazy brain,  
And we spring the wards with a quiet joke  
And rout out a store of yarns again.

Our voices ring with a pleasant sound,  
And now and again it seems to me  
As though in the roar that sweeps around  
We are joined by the social sea.

And in that strange way that talk is bred—  
As a few grains sown bring the wheaty stack—  
So something afresh the other said  
Put the roaming brain on another tack.

And we boxed about in an aimless way,  
With a careless fling from sea to land,  
And spoke of the world as a young man may  
When he hasn't the time to understand.

We spoke of the land that gave us birth;  
We spoke of the one that's home to me:  
Those nations destined to shape the earth  
To the single state it is to be—

## *ON THE BRIDGE.*

Of tricks we played in our school-boy days;  
The fun and frolic of being young;  
How we jollied life in a hundred ways  
With gibes that pleased and jests that stung.

And of those we loved—for now we knew  
With half our life in the dim astern  
Which lights were false and which lights were  
true,  
And whose was the hand that bid them burn.

Of the rough hard life the sailor leads,  
The pay he gets and the sharks ashore,  
And what are the laws our shipping needs,  
And the way things went in days of yore.

Of the sailing ship as she yet survives,  
Of rigs we never shall see again,  
Of inventions that save our seamen's lives  
And murder the breed of sailor men.

We talk of these and of many a bout  
When a crew came aft for a nasty row—  
When loud comes a cry from the fore look-out  
Of a light on the starboard bow.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

“All right!” the response. Then we train our eyes  
On the western rim thro’ the closing night.  
It’s a steamer, sure, by the flash and size—  
A liner’s electric masthead light.

She rises fast, and is soon up well,  
Rushing along ’neath a smoky pall,  
A mass of lights like some huge hotel  
Ablaze for its annual boarders’ ball.

As she grows abeam—for we give her space,  
For twenty knots is a right of way—  
There’s an answering glow on old ocean’s face  
And a glint on the waves in play.

And I think, as I watch her speed along,  
Of the many lives she holds in trust,  
And ponder what they would do, that throng,  
If Fate should get in a deadly thrust.

A ship like ours or a sunken wreck—  
A crash in the dark—some plates stove in—  
A frightened rush for the upper deck,  
And a clamorous, cowardly din!

*ON THE BRIDGE.*

How some would die as men should die,  
How some would perish in selfish strife,  
How some in that hour would dignify  
By a noble close a worthless life.

How she whose vigor we oft deride—  
The woman—would show her courage then,  
And meet her death at her lover's side  
In a way to shame the best of men.

But, Science be praised, it is seldom now  
We lose a ship by a sudden crash,  
For what with the lights and the whistle's row  
We luckily dodge a general smash.

And that ship there, as she breasts the swell  
And ghosts her side with a foamy ridge,  
Has had many a shave—for logs don't tell  
All the tales of a steamer's bridge.

In silence we watch her for quite a time  
Until she becomes a smoky blear,  
Then as ten rings out from the fo'c'sle chime  
I go aft to my cheese and my beer.

## MISSING.

---

A CLOUDLESS sky, a sleeping sea,  
A cold gray reach of shore,  
A gleam of sail upon the lee—  
And nothing more.

My eyes saw that, my heart saw more:  
A woman whose quivering lip  
Moulded this sentence o'er and o'er,  
“God keep that ship!”

God keep that ship! Her prayer, not mine,  
Goes out across the sea  
To where beyond the misty line  
A face is turned from me.

God keep that ship! Her ship, not mine—  
Mine never came back to me.

## MAKING LAND.

---

THE fore-royal furled, I pause and I stand,  
Both feet on the yard, for a look around,  
With eyes that ache for a sight of the land,  
For we are homeward bound.

Like a bowl of silver the ocean lies,  
Untouched by the fret of a single sail,  
And over its edge the billows arise  
And slide before the gale.

I see, close beneath me, the garn's'l bulge,  
And half of the tops'l swollen and round  
Swells out above, where the bunts divulge  
The fores'l's snowy mound.

With a fill and a flap the jibs respond,  
As she rolls a-weather, then rolls a-lee,  
And her bone as she leaps is thrown beyond  
The next o'ertaken sea.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

And the hull beneath in its foamy ring  
Is narrowed in by the spread of sail,  
And the waves as they wash her seem to fling  
Their heads above the rail.

And I hear the roar of the passing blast,  
And the hiss and gush of the parted sea  
Is mixed with the groan of the straining mast,  
And the parrel's, che, che, che.

Of the weather deck where the old man strides,  
From the break of the poop to the after-rail,  
I can catch a glimpse, but all besides  
Is hid by swelling sail.

For the wake abaft is shut behind,  
Except when she yaws from her helm and  
throws;

Then like a green lane it seems to wind  
Aheap with drifted snows.

But lo! as I gaze the weather clew  
Of the topsail lifts to the watch's weight,  
And the helmsman comes into perfect view,  
And at his side the mate.

## *MAKING LAND.*

As I swing my eyes ahead again  
For that one last look ere I drop below,  
They catch as she lifts a grayish stain  
Athwart the orange glow.

My heart leaps up at the welcome sight,  
And I grasp the pole with a firmer hand,  
And shading my eyes from the glancing light  
Make sure that it is land.

It seems to dance, but I catch it still  
As we lift to the sweep of a longer sea—  
'T is the windy top of a far-off hill  
Whose shape is known to me.

Then I send a yell to the rolling deck,  
And start all hands from their work below;  
As I point with a rigid arm at the speck—  
The cry comes back, "Land ho!"

And the mate looks up and gives a call,  
The old man stops in his clock-like walk,  
The watch lets up on the top-sail fall  
And takes a spell of talk.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

The skipper goes aft to the binnacle, where  
He shapes his hand on the compass card,  
And takes with a glance the bearing there,  
Eying me on the yard.

And I stand with my right arm swinging out,  
With a finger true on the dancing speck,  
Until on my ears falls the ringing shout:  
“All right! Lay down on deck!”

## AT PORTSMOUTH

---

THE great ships in the harbour  
Sit silent on the tide,  
And in the sea beneath them  
Their gloomy shadows ride.

There is no life, no beauty,  
No grace the heart can feel,  
In those irenic monsters—  
Those hideous forms of steel.

It is old England's squadron,  
Her constant watch and ward—  
The bulwark of her freedom,  
The Channel's matchless guard.

How different from the frigates  
That bore the dauntless Blake;  
How different from the liners  
That roared in Nelson's wake!

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Majestic then and lofty  
They towered above the deep,  
Bestowing beauty on the main  
Their forms were framed to keep.

Sail over sail they offered  
Their canvas to the wind,  
That mimicked in its whiteness  
The wake they swept behind.

No wonder kingly seamen  
Were bred in ships like those;  
No wonder that they made them  
A terror to their foes.

For in the grace and beauty  
They shed upon the sea  
Man found the inspiration  
That kept him brave and free.

And man and ship together  
Played well that noble part,  
Until their oaken sides became  
A symbol for his heart.

*AT PORTSMOUTH.*

But look ! where black and formless  
Those modern monsters ride  
A blot upon the seascape,  
A load upon the tide.

Hark ! from the massive flagship  
Breathes out the morning gun ;  
Exultant in its mission  
Her ensign meets the sun.

From battle-ship and cruiser,  
From merchantman and fort,  
The cross of red makes glorious  
The strong and ancient port.

Then with a heart that follows  
I turn my eager eyes  
To where at honored moorings  
The grand old victor lies.

There floats the same proud bunting  
She swept along the breeze  
The day that France was broken  
And driven from the seas.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

There in prophetic splendor  
It crowns her shapely spar,  
The promise of a future—  
The final Trafalgar.

## AT ANCHOR.

---

SIGHTS of sail are caught on the edge—  
Black coasters waiting the flood;  
Nest of spars that stroke like the sedge  
Long rivers of sunset blood.

Gleam of lamps low down in the west,  
Gulls crying over the bar,  
Sea as still as a child at breast,  
Moon following up a star.

That is to-night—and our own to twist  
Round memory's finger and hold,  
As guerdon for those we've lost or missed  
While fretting and fighting for gold.

## FROM THE CLIFF.

---

THE wind is fresh, the wind is foul;  
The clouds are long and low and gray;  
The rocky headland wears a cowl,  
And looks a monk who kneels to pray  
And tell his beads for parting souls:  
While out beyond the bar there rolls  
A sullen swell, and white and high  
Along the cliffs the breakers fly.

*Roar, roar, O Sea! Thy stormy song  
Appalls the weak, but nerves the strong.*

Look! yonder bark with puffing sail  
Has turned her bow to win the sea;  
She fears to meet the rising gale  
With reef and rockland on her lee.  
And as she luffs the blast to greet,  
By halyard, clew, and straining sheet,

*FROM THE CLIFF.*

All, all, alert her seamen stand,  
And watch with anxious eye the land.

*Roar, roar, O Sea! Thy stormy song  
Appalls the weak, but nerves the strong.*

Then tack on tack she weathers out—  
Her topsails shiver in the wind;  
Down goes the helm, she flies about,  
And leaping off soon leaves behind  
The rocky dangers, and has past  
The headland, when the wrathful blast,  
Bursts from the cloud and wild and grand  
Hurls in the sea against the land.

*Roar, roar, O Sea! Thy stormy song  
Appalls the weak, but nerves the strong.*

## THEN AND NOW.

---

THE wind has changed to happy south,  
The tide is setting free,  
As one by one, past harbor mouth,  
Our ships stand out to sea.  
We watch them pass, my love and I;  
We shout Halloo! from shore.  
Good-bye! Good-bye! the sailors cry;  
Good-bye! the breakers roar.

The wind has turned to icy north,  
Full bitterly it blows;  
The sea is wroth, and white with froth,  
And no ship comes or goes.  
We watch for them, my love and I;  
We linger on the shore.  
The breakers cry Ho! ho! Good-bye!—  
Good-bye for evermore.

## THE SHIPS.

---

SING the sea, sing the ships,  
Sing the sea and its ships,  
With the lightness and the brightness  
Of the foam about their lips;  
When reaching off to seaward,  
When running down to leeward,  
When beating up to port with the pilot at the  
    fore;  
When racing down the Trade,  
Or ratching half afraid  
With a lookout on the yard for the marks  
    along the shore.

Sing them when you frame them,  
Sing them when you name them,  
Sing them as you sing the woman whom you  
    love ;

## *THE SHIPS.*

For the world of life they lose you,  
For the home that they refuse you,  
For the sea that deeps beneath them and the  
sky that crowns above.

Sing them when they leave you,  
Sing them when they grieve you,  
Going down the harbor with a smoky tug along;  
With the yards braced this and that,  
And the anchor at the cat,  
And the bunting saying good-bye to the watch-  
ing, waving throng.

Sing them when they need you,  
Sing them when they speed you,  
With their stems making trouble for the steep  
Atlantic seas;  
When the channel as she rolls  
Heaps the foam along the poles,  
And the decks fore-and-aft are awash above  
your knees.

Sing them when they spring you,  
Sing them when they wing you,

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Rolling down the Trades with a breeze that  
never shifts;

When the crew they quite forget  
What is meant by cold and wet,

And the feel of the braces and the sheets and  
the lifts.

Sing them when they mock you,  
Sing them when they shock you,

Smothered under topsails with the kingly Horn  
abeam;

When the wind flies round about  
And the watch is always out,

And all hands are wishing that they'd signed  
to go in steam.

Sing the sea, sing the ships,  
Sing the sea and its ships,  
With the molding and the folding  
Of the wave about their form;  
Sing them when they teach us,  
Sing them when they preach us,  
A lesson in the calm and a sermon in the storm.

## *THE SHIPS.*

Sing them when the dying  
Wind has left them lying  
With the canvas in the brails a-tremble to the  
rolls;  
And the ocean is so still  
That you wonder if it will  
Give back to her who bore them those legions of  
lost souls.

Sing the sea, sing the ships,  
Sing the sea and its ships,  
With the forming and the storming  
Of the wave athwart their bows;  
Sing them when you clear them,  
Sing them when you steer them,  
For the strength that they have given  
And the courage they arouse.  
  
For the nation that forgets them,  
For the nation that regrets them,  
Is a nation that is dying as the nations all must  
die;  
For there never yet was state

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

That met the Roman fate  
While she had a ship to guard her and a sailor  
to stand by.

For the traffic you have won,  
For the web that you have spun,  
To catch the flies of commerce and the fleet-  
ing gnats of trade  
Will be rent and blown away,  
For the weak will never pay  
Their earnings to a people who have stamped  
themselves afraid.

Pull down the selfish wall!  
We are not cowards all!  
There are some who dare to struggle with the  
traders of the world.  
Cast off the nation's chain,  
And give us back the main,  
And the flag that's never absent and the sail  
that's never furled.

Sing the sea, sing the ships,  
Sing the sea and its ships,

## *THE SHIPS.*

With the mounding and the pounding  
Of the wave along their sides;  
When sailing out and bounding,  
When towing in and rounding,  
They drop the anxious anchor and they face  
the swinging tides.

Sing them when you leave them  
Sing them when you heave them  
To a fast berth, a last berth beside the knackers  
quay;  
For our ships are getting rotten  
And our people have forgotten  
The mission of the vessel and the glory of the  
sea.

## THE MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN'S YARN.

---

Down came the corvette on our weather;  
Then thundered our broadsides together.

Thus thus we fought all day;  
And when the sun set and evening spread  
Across the East her mantle gray,  
Under our lee she lay,  
Her decks a mass of dead.

Yet at her splintered foremast head  
Her ensign laughed,  
Lifting and flapping in the draft,  
Scorning our shot to bring it down.  
Our Captain eyed it with a frown

To hide his admiration—  
Hero himself, he heroes knew,  
Tho' children of a hated nation.

Then to his weary blood-stained crew  
He cried:—

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

“To your guns once more  
And let our broadside roar!”

Then hot and close we plied  
Her with shot that tore  
Her fore and aft;  
Yet still that crimson banner laughed—  
Yet still her broken, bleeding men  
Gave back our cheers again.

We would have spared them then;  
As with fierce and flashing eyes,  
With eyes aflame with pride,  
We looked upon a foe  
Who for twelve hot hours defied  
A vessel twice her size.  
But Fate thrust in a bloody fist  
And gave our hearts a devilish twist.  
A random shot that hit our rail  
Came from her foremost gun,  
And flying in the splinter hail  
Struck down the one  
Whose voice had shaped and cheered the fray  
Thro’ all that mad and murderous day.

## *THE MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN'S YARN.*

He fell; and for a space we stood  
As though our smoke-grimed forms had turned  
to wood,

The victims of some deadly spell.

Silence—save for the feverish groans of they  
Who, writhing, dying lay—

Was over all; then suddenly there burst a yell  
That would have shocked and staggered hell!

Ah! you who sit with me to-night  
And talk of war, of might and right;  
Had you been there to see that fight,  
When, reeling down upon the wreck,  
We boarded, leaping on her deck,  
And mad with slaughter—mad and blind  
With blood of ours, aye, your own kind.  
We shot and cut, we slew  
The remnant of that dauntless crew;  
And when our pikes had struck the last  
Tore down that ensign from the mast.  
Had you been there, I say, to see  
That horror—but, enough for me

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

To tell, we shuddered at the sight  
When in the chill that follows fight  
We gazed upon that slaughter pen  
And knew those things as fellow-men.  
  
With feverish haste we cleared the deck,  
Then fired the slowly sinking wreck,  
And cutting loose stood off astern,  
And watched her spar and topsides burn  
Till suddenly a blinding flash;  
  
A roar. Silence. Here—there—a splash  
And all was o'er. We filled our yard,  
Though leaking much and laboring hard  
Stood up for port, and made at last  
The harbor's light. But ho! avast  
  
With tales like this; they breed a thirst—  
Another glass—my throat is curs'd  
With fire. Here's to the gallant tar  
Who talks of peace, yet longs for war;  
Who lives to see his ship again  
Dispute the glory of the main,  
And man for man, and gun for gun,  
Meet such another dauntless one.

## A FOGGY MORNING.

---

SEAWARD driving, like a shriving  
Gray monk cloaked in gray,  
Thro' the crowded ship-enshrouded,  
Buoy-bound reaches of the bay;  
Misty moving phantoms proving  
Vessels creeping slowly past.  
Hark! the droning fog-horn moaning  
From the steamer looming vast;  
Bell-buoy telling when the swelling  
Swell of ocean rocks its boat  
Where the ledge's granite edges  
Threaten ships that overfloat;  
Canvas dripping, dew streams slipping  
Down the black and swollen gear;  
Helmsman peering at the steering  
Compass thro' a watery blear;  
Topsails dimming in the swimming  
Vapor sea that floats o'erhead,

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

And the singing seaman swinging  
Constantly the pilot lead;  
Sun uprising with surprising  
Mystic glory haunts the shroud,  
Red and rolling thro' the shoaling  
Eastward verges of the cloud;  
Spars uplifting on the shifting  
Billows of the fading mist  
Seem suspended on extended  
Rippling ropes of amethyst;  
Day-star bursting, hotly thirsting,  
Drains the fog with fervid lips;  
Sunlight flashing shows us dashing  
Past the port, the town, the ships.

## UNKNOWN.

---

Lo! when the sun was half dropt in the west,  
As wing-weary sea birds seeking their night-  
rest,

They drifted in upon the harbor's breast.

None knew from whence they came, or where  
they sailed;

No betraying pennon from their mastheads  
trailed;

They answered not when they were loudly  
hailed.

When the day into the night had died  
They clustered on the ebbing tide,  
Like sleeping sea swans, side by side.

The warders at the midnight hour,  
Within the shadow of the tower,  
Watched their lanterns rise and lower.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Ere scarce the day and earth had wed,  
Their oars on either side they spread,  
Shook out their sails and southward fled.

And when the sun shot up across the bay,  
Naught showed where they had made their stay,  
Save the broken corals where their anchors lay.

So into my heart at eventide  
Ofttimes a fleet of dreams will glide,  
And all night long at anchor ride.

From whence they come, or where they go,  
What pain or joy their forms foreshow,  
I dare not ask—I cannot know.

But when dawn breaks o'er sea and mart,  
With rippling oars and yearning sails they start,  
Leaving their anchor marks upon my heart.

## THE COASTERS.

---

*Overloaded, undermanned,  
Trusting to a lee;  
Playing I-spy with the land,  
Jockeying the sea—  
That's the way the Coaster goes,  
Thro' calm and hurricane:  
Everywhere the tide flows,  
Everywhere the wind blows,  
From Mexico to Maine.*

O East and West! O North and South!  
We ply along the shore,  
From famous Fundy's foggy mouth,  
From woes of Labrador;  
Thro' pass and strait, on sound and sea,  
From port to port we stand—  
The rocks of Race fade on our lee,  
We hail the Rio Grande.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Our sails are never lost to sight;  
    On every gulf and bay  
They gleam, in winter wind-cloud white,  
    In summer rain-cloud gray.  
  
We hold the coast with slippery grip;  
    We dare from cape to cape;  
Our leaden fingers feel the dip  
    And trace the channel's shape.  
  
We sail or bide as serves the tide;  
    Inshore we cheat its flow,  
And side by side at anchor ride  
    When stormy head-winds blow.  
  
We are the offspring of the shoal,  
    The hucksters of the sea;  
From customs theft and pilot toll,  
    Thank God that we are free.

*Legging on and off the beach,  
Drifting up the strait,  
Fluking down the river reach,  
Towing thro' the Gate—*

## *THE COASTERS.*

*That's the way the Coaster goes,  
Flirting with the gale:  
Everywhere the tide flows,  
Everywhere the wind blows,  
From York to Beavertail.*

---

*Here and there to get a load,  
Freighting anything;  
Running off with spanker stowed,  
Loafing wing-a-wing—  
That's the way the Coaster goes,  
Chumming with the land:  
Everywhere the tide flows,  
Everywhere the wind blows,  
From Ray to Rio Grande.*

We split the swell where rings the bell  
On many a shallow's edge,  
We take our flight past many a light  
That guards the deadly ledge,  
We greet Montauk across the foam,  
We work the Vineyard Sound,  
The Diamond sees us running home,  
The Georges outward bound;

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Absecom hears our canvas beat  
When tacked off Brigantine,  
We raise the Gulls with lifted sheet,  
Pass wing-and-wing between.

Off Monomoy we fight the gale,  
We drift off Sandy Key;  
The watch of Fenwick sees our sail  
Scud for Henlopen's lee.

With decks awash and canvas torn  
We wallow up the Stream;  
We drag dismasted, cargo borne,  
And fright the ships of steam.  
Death grips us with his frosty hands  
In calm and hurricane;  
We spill our bones on fifty sands  
From Mexico to Maine.

*Cargo reef in main and fore,  
Manned by half a crew;  
Romping up the weather shore,  
Edging down the Blue—*

## *THE COASTERS.*

*That's the way the Coaster goes,  
Scouting with the lead:  
Everywhere the tide flows,  
Everywhere the wind blows,  
From Cruz to Quoddy Head.*

## TO-DAY.

---

THE sea and the sky are in love to-day,  
Their forms are the forms of one;  
And ships that sit on the lip of the bay,  
Coming and going the other way,  
Are sparks in the sparkling sun.

The shape and shadow of yachts that slip  
Embayed by the land's long sweep  
Are phantoms that cover a phantom ship,  
While out on the shoals the summer gulls dip—  
To-day is a day asleep.

## THE SAILOR OF THE SAIL.

---

I SING the Sailor of the Sail, breed of the  
oaken heart,

Who drew the world together and spread our  
race apart,

Whose conquests are the measure of thrice the  
ocean's girth,

Whose trophies are the nations that necklace  
half the earth.

Lord of the Bunt and Gasket and Master of the  
Yard,

To whom no land was distant, to whom no sea  
was barred:

Who battled with the current; who conquered  
with the wind;

Who shaped the course before him by the wake  
he threw behind;

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Who burned in twenty climates; who froze in  
twenty seas;

Who crept the shore of Labrador and flash'd  
the Caribbees.

Who followed Drake; who fought with Blake;  
who broke the bar of Spain,

And who gave to timid traffic the freedom of  
the main.

Who woke the East; who won the West; who  
made the North his own;

Who weft his wake in many a fake athwart the  
Southern zone;

Who drew the thread of commerce through  
Sunda's rocky strait;

Who faced the fierce Levanter where England  
holds the gate;

Who saw the frozen mountains draw down the  
moonlike sun;

Who felt the gale tear at the sail, and ice gnaw  
at the run;

*THE SAILOR OF THE SAIL.*

Who drove the lance of barter through Asia's  
ancient shield;

Who tore from drowsy China what China dare  
not yield;

Who searched with Cook and saw him unroll  
beneath his hand

The last, the strangest continent, the sundered  
Southern land;

To whom all things were barter—slaves, spices,  
gold, and gum;

Who gave his life for glory; who sold his soul  
for rum—

I sing him, and I see him, as only those can  
see

Who stake their lives to fathom that solveless  
mystery;

Who on the space of waters have fought the  
killing gale,

Have heard the crying of the spar, the moaning  
of the sail;

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Who never see the ocean but that they feel its  
hand

Clutch like a siren at the heart to drag it from  
the land;

I see him in the running when seas would over-  
whelm

Lay breathing hard along the yard and sweat-  
ing at the helm.

I see him at the earing light out the stubborn  
bands

When every foot of canvas is screeved with  
bloody hands.

I see him freezing, starving—I see him scurvy  
curst,

Alone, and slowly dying, locked in that hell of  
thirst.

I see him drunk and fighting roll through some  
seaboard town,

When those who own and rob him take to the  
street and frown.

## *THE SAILOR OF THE SAIL.*

O Sovereign of the Boundless! O Bondsman  
of the Wave!

Who made the world dependent, yet lived and  
died a slave.

In Britain's vast Valhalla, where sleep her  
worst and best—

Where is the grave she made you—your first  
and final rest—

Beneath no stone or trophy, beneath no  
minster tower,

Lie those who gave her Empire, who stretched  
her arm to power.

Below those markless pathways where com-  
merce shapes the trail,

Unsung, unrung, forgotten, sleeps The Sailor  
of The Sail.

## THE YACHT.

---

How like a queen she walks the summer sea;  
    Her canvas crowning well the comely mold  
Light loved until it lifts a spire of gold  
Outlined and inset by a tracery  
    Of rig and spar. Hers is a witchery  
Of loveliness, that seems to draw and hold  
    The wind to do its bidding. Fold on fold  
The seas charge in; then stricken by the free  
    Quick lancing of her stem recoil to break  
Against the breeze; then rushing back they foam  
    Along the rail, and swirl into the wake,  
And rave astern in many a wrinkled dome.  
For thus she doth her windward way betake  
    Like one who lives to conquer and to roam.

## THE TRADE-WIND'S SONG.

---

OH, I am the wind that the seamen love—  
I am steady, and strong, and true;  
They follow my track by the clouds above  
O'er the fathomless tropic blue.

For close by the shores of the sunny Azores  
Their ships I await to convoy;  
When into their sails my constant breath pours  
They hail me with turbulent joy.

Oh, I bring them a rest from the tiresome toil  
Of trimming the sail to the blast;  
For I love to keep gear all snug in the coil  
And the sheets and the braces all fast.

From the deck to the truck I pour all my force,  
In spanker and jib I am strong;  
For I make every course to pull like a horse  
And worry the great ship along.

## *SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

As I fly o'er the blue I sing to the crew,  
Who answer me back with a hail;  
I whistle a note as I slip by the throat  
Of the buoyant and bellying sail.

I laugh when the wave leaps over the head  
And the jibs thro' the spray-bow shine,  
For an acre of foam is broken and spread  
When she shoulders and tosses the brine.

Thro' daylight and dark I follow the bark,  
I keep like a hound on her trail;  
I'm strongest at noon, yet under the moon  
I stiffen the bunt of her sail;

The wide ocean thro' for days I pursue,  
Till slowly my forces all wane;  
Then in whispers of calm I bid them adieu  
And vanish in thunder and rain.

Oh, I am the wind that the seamen love—  
I am steady, and strong, and true;  
They follow my track by the clouds above  
O'er the fathomless tropic blue.

## EXECUTION ROCK LIGHT.

---

OUT on its knoll of granite gray,  
Old Execution rears its ghostly shaft,  
And thro' the night and thro' the day  
Speaks cheer to passing craft ;  
While in the sun they see it gleam  
Upon the horizon, miles afar,  
And in the dark its changeful beam  
Flames out a guiding star.  
From year to year, thro' calm and gale,  
Across the Sound its warning flare is cast.  
It cries "All's well!" to steam and sail  
And guides them safely past.  
One day it hides its form in haze  
And seems to sentinel some mystic strand;  
The next, it glories in the blaze  
Of morning's crimson brand.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

And now across the stormy tide  
It spires against the sandy bluff, and shows  
The front of one who will abide  
The shock of lusty blows.  
Along its reef the surges roll,  
And white with repulse rise and fling their  
froth  
Like snow across the rocky knoll,  
Then burst in foamy wrath.  
And there it stands, fearless, sedate,  
Like some brave knight who scorns to couch  
his lance  
Against the churls, but with his weight  
Bears back their wild advance.

## THE CARGO BOATS.

---

I LOVE to see them, laden deep,  
Come steaming in from ports afar,  
And, slipping past the light-ship, creep  
With watchful steps across the bar,

Mauled by the hands of tide and time,  
All grimy with their grimy coals,  
Their funnels white with salty rime,  
And smoky rings about their poles.

Look, now, along the Gedney lane,  
With pushing bows comes slowly through  
A West of England cargo wain,  
With banded stack and star of blue.

There is no beauty in her form ;  
But when has simple beauty paid  
In vessel destined to perform  
As Cinderella to the trade?

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Go, let her haughty sisters flaunt  
Their slighty stems and graceful sheers;  
But let her best, her only vaunt,  
Be that she is as she appears—

A thing that men have framed to bear  
Their merchandise at cheapest rates,  
That's safe to pay a pound a share,  
And more when there's a boom in freights;

A monster whelped of monster age—  
An age that thinks but cannot feel—  
Whose Bible is the balanced page,  
Whose gods are gods of steam and steel.

In her I love the useful thing—  
In her I hate the sailless mast ;  
For I am one who cares to sing  
The glories of the steamless past.

I feel the spirit of the age—  
The master splendor of its span—  
But make no common with the rage  
That lifts the thing above the man.

## *THE CARGO BOATS.*

But useless this—we've learned to make  
The word *mechanic* fit a song;  
So let us watch that ship and take  
Her picture as she jogs along.

The house-flag hoist; the ensign spread;  
The tackles rove; the booms atop;  
The deck-gang busy on the head;  
The anchor ready for the drop.

Though from this outlook men appear  
No bigger than a dancing midge,  
I see the pilot standing near  
The skipper on the upper bridge.

The telegraph is set “stand by”;  
The oldest hand is at the wheel;  
And down below with watchful eye  
The Chief awaits the warning peal.

The engines hiss; the 'scape-pipe roars;  
The firemen spread the dusty slack,  
And sternward from her funnel pours  
A cloud that lingers in her track.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

The Hook is past, the buoy abeam;  
Then slowly to her helm she turns,  
And getting confidence and steam  
At full speed up the bay she churns.

Her lean hull shrinks, her spars grow short,  
Her trailing flag is scarcely seen,  
As slipping past the granite fort  
She drops her hook off Quarantine.

And we who watch her turn away  
And talk of ships and other things,  
The present and the future day,  
And what the world will do with wings.

How men will stir with busy hum  
The upper main, by wake untraced,  
And how the ocean will become  
Again a sailless, shipless waste.

## THE NOONTIDE CALM.

---

### I.

THE azure sky leans on the sea,  
Inverting its concavity,  
And in the waveless depths below  
Re-forms and rolls its cloudy show;  
For cloud and cloud are piled to shape  
A mountain here, and there a cape,  
Until the heavens seem to rest  
A cheek upon the ocean's breast,  
And listen, with white lips apart,  
To catch the beating of its heart.  
Fathoms deep, oh, fathoms deep,  
Maid and merman lie asleep;  
Calm above and calm below;  
Sheering to the current's flow,  
Vessels red and vessels brown,  
Floating, cast a shadow down  
On the seafolks' coral town.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

II.

Slowly the shadows crawl  
Along the wall  
Of the sea-king's hall.  
The sea-grass curtains thro'  
He looks out upon the blue  
Glimmering regions that bow down  
To the magic of his crown.  
Lord of half an ocean, he  
Loves to live where rivers three,  
Flowing from the windy hills,  
Drinkers of a thousand rills,  
Pour into the thirsty sea.  
There he delights to lie,  
Mirroring the lucent sky  
In his wild and wondrous eye.  
Far, far o'erhead he marks  
The swordfish and the sharks  
Darting up and floating down;  
Sees the porpoise, blue and brown,  
Plunge thro' the silver nebula  
Of fish;—the herring in dismay

## *THE NOONTIDE CALM.*

Break, scatter like a starry host  
Whose path some errant sun has cross'd.  
And he smiles to watch the race  
When the merry dolphins chase  
A dogfish from his flying prey;  
Where the clumsy sea-cows stray,  
Hherded by the mermen strong,  
Who, with lances light and long,  
Keep the gaunt sea-wolves at bay.

## III.

Shades of vessels that have passed  
Rope and sail and yellow mast—  
On the seafolks' town are cast;  
And the Merking, startled by  
Shadows in his crystal sky,  
Calls the guard at palace gate,  
Where he reigns in ancient state,  
Sitting on a coral throne,  
With sea-mosses overgrown—  
Calls his guard to send a slave  
Skyward, soaring thro' the wave,

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

To command the mariner  
To move on. The messenger,  
A dolphin bold,  
With back of gold,  
Swiftly cleaving, swirling, leaving  
A flashing trail,  
As from each scale  
And finny tip  
A silver spray of bubbles slip.  
Higher, higher rises he,  
Till from the surface of the sea  
He leaps, and gloriously  
Rolls his flashing coat of mail  
In the splendor of the day.  
Then the sailors trim the sail,  
Knowing that the sprightly gale  
Cometh when the dolphins play.  
Haste away! Haste away!  
For the breeze  
Frets the seas,  
And the rim of opal hue  
Burns a green and flames a blue.

## THE OLD BUCCANEER'S SONG.

---

Oh, my heart goes privateering along the  
Spanish Main,  
And I feel the breezes blowing and see those  
isles again—  
Those isles of peace and plenty where we loved  
to linger long,  
To "woo the black-eyed Carib maid who sang  
the rover's song;  
Who, resting in the palm shade when the sun  
was fierce above,  
With many a tender measure taught us what  
indeed is love.

Oh, my heart goes privateering along the  
Spanish Main,  
And I hear my comrades calling me back to  
them again;

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

For 'tis where the breakers, roaring, flash in and  
beat the sand—

'Tis where the feathery plantain shakes its  
shadow on the strand;

'Neath orange and palmetto and many a flowery  
tree

Dwell the gallant privateersmen who drink  
and think of me.

Oh, my heart goes privateering along the  
Spanish Main—

I see our banners flying and I hear the cheers  
again:

When with many a reckless comrade in vessel  
tall and true,

Before the constant trade-wind to the south-  
and-west we flew,

And ere the haughty Spaniard had thought of  
danger near

Town and tower and galleon were spoil of  
buccaneer.

*THE OLD BUCCANEER'S SONG.*

Oh, my heart goes privateering along the  
Spanish Main,

And many a pearl and red doubloon chink in  
my hand again.

Back, back unto the sunny isle to rest a season  
there—

To bind a lace of priceless gems in my sweet  
Carib's hair,

To feel her arms about my neck, to hear her  
sing again

The pleasures and the glories of our life  
along the main.

Oh, my heart goes privateering along the  
Spanish Main,

For I am weary waiting for those days to  
come again.

A curse upon this slothful life and this black  
northern land!

Oh, give to me the sapphire sea and balmy  
southern strand!

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Oh, let me hear but once again my comrades'  
ringing cheers,  
And lead to spoil and victory the dashing  
buccaneers.

## THE BELFRY OF THE SEA.

---

*Men who bless them  
And caress them—  
Bells that call upon the land—  
Curse and chide them,  
Mock, deride them,  
When they shout above a sand.  
Not alone are bells thus treated,  
For the story is repeated  
In the world of every day;  
He who flings us—  
He who brings us—  
Joys and pleasures all may share,  
Has our blessings for his pay;  
But he who warns us—  
He who mourns us,  
Bids us to the watch and ware—  
Has our curses,  
And reverses  
In the moulds that mint our prayer.*

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

O singer of the sailor's song,  
Fear not to sing me broad and strong—  
Fear not to sing me in the van  
Of those who stand and strive for man;  
And if they make the question, then  
Come tell me what man does for men.

I am the Belfry of the Sea,  
The rider of the swell,  
The guardsman of the deadly lee,  
The outer sentinel.

Man placed me here to watch this sand—  
This sneaking, shifting shoal—  
He shaped me with a clever hand,  
So that my bell doth toll  
With every move and motion  
Of the changeful, changeless ocean.

Mine is a thankless task;  
But no recompense I ask.  
I am hated by the shoal;  
I am hated by the sea;

*THE BELFRY OF THE SEA.*

And the very fish that bask  
In the shadow of my cask  
Are half afraid of me.

The land wind speaks me fair,  
For it has no thought or care  
With the deeds that are done  
    In the midnight and the gale;  
And it bears me on its wing  
A welcome offering  
Of the shouting of the upland  
    And the chatter of the shale.

But most I love the weather  
When the wind and sea together  
Lie locked in summer slumber  
    And the sky sleeps overhead,  
For then I ease the strain  
On my anchor and my chain,  
And ring a muffled service  
    For my shattered, scattered dead.

I am never wholly sad;  
I am never wholly glad;

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

For my sadness is half madness  
And my gladness is half sadness  
For the remnants of the wrecks  
That lie below me cast  
    A gloom upon the wave,  
And my sunny days are past  
Sleeping in the shadow  
    That is shaken from a grave.

'Twas not I who betrayed them;  
'Twas not I who waylaid them;  
But they died with curses for me  
    On their water-wasted lips.  
I did my best to save them  
The warning that I gave them  
Is the warning that has succored  
    Ten thousand watchful ships.

Ah, had they used the lead!  
Ah, had they tacked instead  
Of standing blindly onward  
    Without a watch for me!

## *THE BELFRY OF THE SEA.*

They would have heard me tolling;  
They would have seen me rolling;  
And have had a chance to weather  
    And gain the open sea.

For I mark a dreaded danger  
To the coaster and the stranger,  
For my friend below is silent  
    And shows no foamy chain.  
Not like the sunken ledge;  
Not like the reefs that wedge  
The surges from the undergrip  
    And hurl them out again.

For the reef it warns the ship  
By the frothing and the snowing  
Of its rocky underlip;  
    For it shows its broken teeth,  
And it bares the bone beneath,  
And roars sometimes in anger,  
    And it cries sometimes in grief.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

But this sluggish and this sucking  
spread of sand

It is dead to ear and eye;  
And its very bounds defy  
The laws that keep in order  
The stout and stable land.

It changes every storm;  
And I never know its form—  
I who gird and guard it  
With my constant clangling bell—  
It scarcely gives me hold  
For my anchor in its mold;  
And we shift and change together  
With each mighty, moving swell.

But I rob it of its prey,  
For the ships have time to stay,  
When the wind takes up my music  
And bears it out to sea;  
But when the Easters roar  
And drive upon the shore

*THE BELFRY OF THE SEA.*

My loudest cry of warning  
Is tossed and lost a-lee.

Then, then I cry in anger,  
And the clanging and the clangor  
Shake and shock the bars  
Of my tossing, toiling cage;  
And I curse the wind and sea,  
And the chain that's under me  
Strains its links and surges  
With the transports of my rage.

For I know I cannot save them;  
And the shoal that thinks to grave them—  
That will feed its thousand acres  
On their oaken frames and sides—  
It seems to mound its spread,  
It seems to lift its head,  
As though to make more deadly  
The tangle of its tides.

In the snow, in the fog,  
When the sharpest eyes are blind;

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

When the ocean  
Has scarce motion,  
And the wind  
Has forsaken;  
When my power of speech is taken,  
And I sit in silent pain;  
When I toil and toil in vain  
To force the larum note  
From the muscles of my throat,  
And it only breathes a toll  
That dies upon the shoal;  
And I strive and I writhe  
With the pain of action palsied  
By a force beyond control.  
When I cannot see or hear them;  
When I cannot warn or cheer them;  
And only know that they are there  
By the throbbing of my soul.  
For I know that they will blame me;  
For I know that they will name me  
With the bitterest of curses  
For the silence of my note,

*THE BELFRY OF THE SEA.*

And I stoop and pray the sea  
To lend its aid to me;  
But it mocks me with a ripple  
That scarcely wets my float.

And then I hear them calling,  
As slowly, slowly crawling  
They come working in from seaward  
With their whistles crying *where?*  
And I try to answer back  
That I'm lying in the track;  
But the loudest cry I make them  
Is a thread upon the air.

*Swing—swing—*  
*Ring—ring—*  
*Roll—roll—*  
*Toll—toll—*  
*Just a thing*  
*Without a soul,*  
*Doing its duty on the shoal;*  
*Just a bell*  
*That sea and swell*

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

*In their fury, in their play,  
Set a throbbing,  
And a sobbing;  
By their very madness robbing—  
By their rage and rush defeating,  
By their hate and hurry cheating—  
Ocean of its prey.  
Swing—swing—  
Ring—ring—  
Roll—roll—  
Toll—toll.*

## PHANTOMS.

---

LIKE a tide that runs increasing,  
Bearing ships to port again,  
There's a tide that brings unceasing  
Pleasures to my restless brain.

When at night I sit and swinging  
Idly to a strain of thought,  
Then it flows, resistless, bringing  
Countless tales with pleasure fraught.

And it seems as though the olden  
Stories of the mystic sea  
Came like ships to bear their golden,  
Precious cargoes unto me.

For I hail with deep emotion  
All those gray and ghostly forms,  
Phantoms of the shoreless ocean  
That is swept by constant storms. .

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

And I see from mist-enshrouded,  
    Ancient, half-forgotten tales  
Galleons rise, and memory clouded,  
    Pass with faint and formless sails.

Others come, the tall and splendid  
    Monarchs of the oaken side,  
Who, with master arms, contended  
    For the empire of the tide.

One by one they pass in glory—  
    Stately shapes that led the van—  
Builders of the ocean's story,  
    Noblest gift of man to man.

And not less the worn and shattered,  
    Drifting, find my port at last.  
All the stranded, stove, and battered  
    Victims of the wave and blast,

They are mine by right of capture:  
    Buccaneer and ship of plate;  
And I search their holds with rapture  
    Till the night grows cold and late;

*PHANTOMS.*

Till the moon, high-prowed and dipping,  
Like a ship of ancient worth,  
Leaves her cloudy port and slipping,  
Spins her wake across the earth.

And the wind, to peace consenting,  
Breathes a hymn above the land;  
And the ocean, half repenting,  
Kneels in prayer along the sand.

## FLOTSAM.

---

FOR the tide runs in and the tide runs out,  
And the women they talk and wait,  
For hope has a soul that is built of doubt,  
And our ships are oftentimes late.

And the tide runs up and the tide runs down,  
And the drift goes floating past;  
A message it bears to the waiting town  
In form of a broken mast.

Look! no seaweed yellows its shattered ends!  
No shell-fish whitens its girth!  
'Tis a message, they cry, old Ocean sends  
To those they have left on earth!

And the tide runs up and the tide runs down,  
And the sea reclaims its toll;  
But the hopes that live in that stricken town  
Are those hopes that have no soul.

## THE LOST SHIP.

---

Who saw the ship going down to the sea  
With her topsails sheeted home, and her  
spanker  
Swelling like a course, foam along the lee,  
And the crew on the tackle of the anchor ?

Who saw her running off from the land,  
Wind blowing strong, steering true for the  
light-ship,  
But went away wishing he might command  
Some future day such a tall, such a tight ship?

Came she never back again to that port?  
Long did they wait, watching out at eve and  
morn.  
Last was she seen hove-to with canvas short  
By an eastward bounder scudding past the  
Horn.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Who saw her sink that midnight in the storm ?  
Where does she lie, rig-tangled and hull-  
broken ?  
Sails she, perhaps, a ghostly, gliding form,  
That silent sea where ships are never spoken?



## THE MAIN-SHEET SONG.

---

RUSHING along on a narrow reach,  
Our rival under the lee,  
The wind falls foul of the weather leach,  
And the jib flaps fretfully.  
The skipper casts a glance along,  
And handles his wheel to meet—  
Then sings in the voice of a stormy song,  
“All hands get on that sheet!”

Yo ha! Yo ho! Then give her a spill,  
With a rattle of blocks abaft.  
Yo ha! Yo ho! Come down with a will  
And bring the main-sheet aft.

Rolling the foam up over the rail  
She smokes along and flings  
A spurt of spray in the curving sail,  
And plunges and rolls and springs;

## *SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

For a wild, wet spot is the scuppers' sweep,  
As we stand to our knees along—

It's a foot to make and a foot to keep  
As we surge to the bullie's song.

Yo ha! Yo ho! Then give her a spill  
With a rattle of blocks abaft.

Yo ha! Yo ho! Come down with a will  
And bring the main-sheet aft.

Muscle and mind are a winning pair  
With a lively plank below,

That whether the wind be foul or fair  
Will pick up her heels and go;

For old hemp and hands are shipmates long—  
There's work whenever they meet—  
So here's to a pull that's steady and strong,  
When all hands get on the sheet.

Yo ha! Yo ho! Then give her a spill  
With a rattle of blocks abaft.

Yo ha! Yo ho! Come down with a will  
And bring the main-sheet aft.

## THE LANDFALL

---

THE scent of the soil is strong on the breeze,  
The gulls are many and shrill,  
And over the crest of the cresting seas  
Is floating a rosy hill;  
And right at the base of this filmy shape,  
Just clear of the weather shroud,  
Say, is it ship, or is it a cape,  
Or a hard spot in the cloud?  
But hark! from aloft where the seaman swings,  
And points with an eager hand,  
Then fore and aft the glad cry rings—  
Land, ho, land!

## THE CLIPPER.

---

HER sails are strong and yellow as the sand,  
Her spars are tall and supple as the pine,  
And, like the bounty of a generous mine,  
Sun-touched, her brasses flash on every hand.  
Her sheer takes beauty from a golden band,  
Which, sweeping aft, is taught to twist and twine  
Into a scroll, and badge of quaint design  
Hang on her quarters. Insolent and grand  
She drives. Her stem rings loudly as it throws  
The hissing sapphire into foamy waves,  
While on her weather bends the copper glows  
In burnished splendor. Rolling down she laves  
Her high black sides until the scupper flows,  
Then pushing out her shapely bow she braves  
The next tall sea, and, leaping, onward goes.

## THE CONSTITUTION.

---

WHERE Glory dwells a hundred years,  
That spot becomes a shrine,  
The very soil she trod appears  
To bear the touch divine;  
The rusted gun, the shattered blade,  
Are kept with sacred hand,  
And Honor bows before the shade  
That fought to save the land.  
  
Then why neglect—why give to rot  
This victor of the flood ?  
Is she less holy than the spot  
That drank a hero's blood ?  
Has she no plume to wing a thought--  
No spark to fire a mind?  
In names like her's such deeds are wrought  
As glorify mankind.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

And they, whose mighty banner fell  
Before her lightning's blast,  
Their victor rides the harbor swell  
Unshorn of yard and mast;  
And Glory gilds her like a sun,  
When, steaming thro' the wave,  
With dipping flag and rapid gun,  
The brave salute the brave.  
  
Then give ours back, the sail, the spar—  
Go let her broadside roar !  
A gun for every glit'ring star  
Her conquering ensign bore.  
To show ye have not held in vain  
The heritage she kept,  
Oh, let her image grace again  
The sea she proudly swept !

## THE TARTAR.

---

THE wind from East to South has shifted,  
The sea's gone down and the clouds are  
rifted,  
And broad on the larboard bow are seen  
A full-rigged ship and a brigantine,  
With a topsail schooner in between—  
All bound to London Town.

The ship with a golden freight is freighted,  
The old brigantine with coal is weighted,  
The schooner's a slippery privateer,  
With roguish rig and a saucy sheer—  
Her cargo is guns and hearts of cheer—  
All bound to London Town.

A Frenchman out of old Brest is cruising,  
“A chance,” says he, “there’s no refusing.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

I will drive that privateer away;  
The ship and the brig will be my prey,  
For we don't meet prizes every day—

All bound to London Town."

Then, crowding sail, on the wind he hurried;  
The ship and the brig they worried and  
scurried.

The privateer, with her canvas short,  
Just showed a muzzle at every port,  
For she'd a crew of the fighting sort—

When bound to London Town.

The Frenchman tacked the weather gauge after;  
The privateer cut the sea abaft her;  
Before she had time to ease a turn  
They drove a broadside into her stern,  
For fighting's a trade one's apt to learn—

When bound to London Town.

Then side by side with their guns they pounded,  
Till catching a puff the schooner rounded,

*THE TARTAR.*

And ere they had way to do the like,  
She laid them aboard with blade and pike,  
So what could the Brestman do but strike—

And go to London Town?

The wind from East to the South has shifted,  
The sea's gone down and the clouds are rifted,  
And broad on the larboard bow are seen  
A privateer and a brigantine,  
With a captured Frenchman in between—

All bound to London Town.

## WARNING.

---

WHEN the old moon hangs to the cloud's gray  
tail  
And the stars play in and out;  
When the East grows red and the West looks  
pale  
And the wind goes knocking about;  
When over the edge of the shapeless coast,  
Where the horizon bites the cloud,  
The rack of the rain stalks in like a ghost  
And a sail blows through its shroud—  
When the morn is such, of the noon beware!  
For this calm's a stormy feint:  
A reef in the sail is better than prayer,  
For a snug ship needs no saint.

## IN SEPTEMBER.

---

OH, THE wind, the wind,  
And the white wake behind;  
And the land  
Of yellow sand,  
Looming like a band  
Of gold along the rim;  
And the laughter of the sea,  
And the sense of mystery,  
In the dim  
Stretch of lee,  
Where the haze  
In the blaze  
Of heat seems to meet  
The sky.  
Oh, the happy sails that fly  
To the east, to the south,  
And the light-house at the mouth  
Of the bay  
With its gray

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Granite spire  
Bold against the higher  
Lift o' green,  
And a smoky tug-boat's trail  
Flaunting like a tail  
Of stormy cloud,  
And a steamer in between  
With her paddles whirring round.  
Oh, a day upon the Sound,  
With the wind, the wind,  
Coming out behind,  
And the feeling of content  
That is lent  
To the mind,  
When the sailing breeze is fair,  
And your only thought or care  
Is to keep  
The sails asleep,  
And run,  
Until the sun  
Drops in the West—  
Then rest is best.

## THE HOMEWARD BOUNDER'S SONG.

---

THERE'S many a ship with taller mast,  
There's many of squarer yard,  
There's many a one that sails as fast  
And many that roll as hard;  
With decks as white, with paint as bright,  
With hull as staunch and sound;  
But never ship that steers so light  
As the ship that's homeward bound!

*Then give her a spoke, and keep her west,  
Hurrah, for the world is round !  
And here's to the ship that steers the best—  
Hurrah for the homeward bound !*

There's many a port in distant land  
And many a splendid sight,  
Where turret slim and palace grand  
Rise skyward tall and white;

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Where castles rear, and far and near  
Shines many a golden dome;  
But never sight that's half so dear  
As the dear old port at home.

*Then give her a spoke, and keep her west,  
Hurrah for a breeze astern !  
And here's to the port we love the best—  
The port where the twin-lights burn !*

There's many a maid of fashion rare  
In warm and palmy lands,  
With sea-deep eyes and night-black hair  
And brown and shapely hands;  
With lips as red as ever led  
The heart of a man to roam,  
But never one we'd take instead  
Of the girl that waits at home.

*Then give her a spoke and keep her west,  
Hurrah for a wake of foam !  
And here's to the girl we love the best—  
The girl that we leave at home.*

## THE SPELL OF THE SEA.

---

By the sea I sit and dream  
    Of things that have passed, and now  
Are fading as fades the gleam  
    Of sail on the ocean's brow,  
And I hear that song again  
    She sang to the world before  
Men had crossed her glit'ring plain  
    To die on the further shore.

'Tis a song that, like the wind  
    In a stormy counterpart,  
Rouses and rolls the restless mind,  
    Till it breaks against the heart—  
Till it hurls its foam amain  
    On the reefs which gird that lee—  
And the heart is swept again  
    By that yearning for the sea.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Ah, the sea it sings that song  
Whenever the moon is full—  
Whenever the wind is strong,  
And the tides are bountiful—  
And it throws a spell o'er one ~~man~~  
That my heart cannot withstand,  
So clearly do I foresee  
That I shall not die on land.

## DAYS OF OAK.

---

### I.

WHEN ship met ship in olden days,  
With battle banners flaunting,  
From stem to stern the cannon's blaze  
A fiery challenge vaunting—  
Then man fought man, as brave men should,  
To keep those walls of native wood.

### II.

When broadsides roaring swept the deck,  
And crews were madly cheering;  
When sail and spar were shot to wreck,  
And ships were swiftly nearing;  
Then men faced death, as brave men should,  
Behind their walls of native wood.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

III.

When face to face and hand to hand—  
When boarders' blades were flashing;  
When bloody pikes made desperate stand,  
And pistol balls were crashing—  
Then man fought man, as brave men should,  
To keep those walls of native wood.

IV.

When valiant arms prevailed at last,  
The foe for quarter crying,  
The dying seaman eyed the mast,  
And cheered his colors flying—  
For men met death, as brave men should,  
Behind their walls of native wood.

## LONG, LONG AGO.

---

As slow our boat the water thro'  
Is stealing on the breeze,  
The curving sky a tender blue,  
A deeper blue the seas;  
We mark whereon the western edge  
A band of coast is seen,  
Where juts the cape and slopes the ledge,  
A port is shut between.

On either side a sudden rise  
Of black and broken rock  
Thrusters out an arm that well defies  
The frantic ocean's shock;  
And from its point the sunken reef  
Runs out a mile or more,  
Where many a ship has come to grief  
When breaking breakers roar.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

Long, long ago, in sudden wrath  
A storm burst on this land;  
It caught a fleet within its path—  
An admiral in command.  
  
For three black days they fought the gale,  
Then one by one they wore—  
And reft of spar and stripped of sail  
Went smashing on that shore.

Where red and rough the land-slip beach  
Is touched by tiny waves—  
Beyond the winter breaker's reach  
They dug their shallow graves;  
And with a prayer that half expressed  
The sorrow that they knew,  
They laid the admiral there to rest  
Surrounded by his crew.

But, ah, to-day is sweet—and lo,  
The ocean is at rest,  
Save for a breathing low and slow  
Of wind across its breast.

*LONG, LONG AGO.*

Far out beyond the cloudy forms  
Are anchored on the edge—  
It is no time to talk of storms,  
Of wrecks upon the ledge.

## WIND HAPPY SHIPS.

---

Wind happy ships, that rise and make  
Across the gaping bay,  
To dance like bubbles in the wake  
Of westward flying day.

So quick they rise, so swift they flow,  
So bright their topsails gleam,  
They seem to come, and come and go  
Like joy-thoughts in a dream.

Wind happy ships, in constant flight  
Across the sloping main,  
That thro' the dark and thro' the light  
Sail on and on again.

A port ye have, I know not where—  
'Tis far beyond my world—  
But pray some day may find you there  
With all your canvas furled.

## THE QUEST.

---

My carrack rides the wave below,  
The castle glooms above—  
“Now who will sail the sea with me,  
To find the man I love ?”

Three pilots tall sit in the hall,  
And drink my father’s ale—  
“Now one of three must go with me,  
This ship of mine to sail.”

Deep, deep they quaffed, and quaffing,  
Struck the board with tankard chine—  
“Now in what port, to East or West,  
Dwells this true love of thine ?”

“I seek no port to East or West,  
But down beyond the rim,  
By following far the falling star,  
My ship will come to him.

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

“ He rules a land of surfless shores,  
    Of deep enchanted bays;  
Where time is twice as long again,  
    And half the nights are days;

“ Where dreams are dreamt with open eyes;  
    Where love forbears to change;  
And all that’s new is old and sweet,  
    And all that’s old is strange.”

Loud, loud they laughed, and laughing,  
    Blew the foam from bearded lips  
As blows the gale the whiter foam  
    From the bows of plunging ships.

Then up and spake the youngest one—  
    And laughter seamed his cheek—  
“ There is no port beyond the rim,  
    Such as the port you seek.

“ The sea is wide, and isles may hide  
    Unknown to pilot’s eye;  
But this, methink, lies on the brink,  
    When glows the ev’ning sky:

*THE QUEST.*

“A vapory shore that fades before  
The swift-advancing stars;  
Where rides the moon on blue lagoon  
Embayed by golden bars.”

He ceased; and the boisterous laughter  
Rose rumbling thro’ the hall.  
It swept like a gale among the mail,  
And the banners shook like shivered sail,  
As it rolled from wall to wall.

Then up and spake the second one:  
“I fear not wind nor wave;  
But this soft clime of twice-long time  
Must lie beyond the grave.

“No seaman’s skill, no pilot’s art,  
May find that port, I ween,  
For God alone doth read the chart  
Of that dark sea between.

“And though I serve my Lord and King  
With head, and heart, and hand,  
I will not make, for woman’s sake,  
A voyage to find that land !”

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

They laughed, but they laughed less lightly,  
As though they felt their breath,  
And cheered the jest to free the breast  
From ugly thoughts of death.

The maiden stepp'd three paces back,  
But nothing did she say—  
She turned her eyes upon the west,  
She signed the cross upon her breast,  
Then bent her knee to pray.

Dear heart, but it was beautiful  
To hear that maiden's prayer!  
So strong of faith, so rich with love—  
It seem'd as though the sun above  
Slipp'd down to drink its share.

And the saint on the window painted  
Looked down on her bended head,  
As a father who lingers watching  
Soft breathed above the dead—

Looked down from the glowing casement,  
From the sun-lit crimson glass—

## *THE QUEST.*

Then followed a murmur of whispered prayer,  
And a silence descended unaware,  
Like the silence of the mass.

Then up she rose like one refreshed,  
Who bendeth o'er a stream  
And drinketh deep, and in her eyes  
There shone the light that mocks the wise  
And maketh doubt a dream.

Then up she rose as one refreshed  
And spake but once again:  
“If you trust your heart above your art  
Our search will not be vain.”

Then stood and spake the oldest one:  
“My eyes are true and keen,  
And I have sailed for four-score years  
Wherever ship hath been.

“From East to West, from North to South,  
With every wind that blows,  
I know no land beyond the rim  
Where boundless bays repose;

*SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL.*

“Where sleeps the sea along the strand  
Of sky-like slopes that wear  
So rich a light the very night  
Forgets to linger there.

“It seems to me, if such there be,  
No man could pass it by;  
And I will make, for thy dear sake,  
This voyage before I die.

“And if I fail that port to hail,  
God fend my soul. Oh, pray!  
The task I take for love’s sweet sake  
May wash some sins away.”



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